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HERE THEY ARE!



Jerry Smith, White House porter, says: "Miss Smith for two Presidents—two for two Presidents and one for to do handshakes!"

RELAXING CHURCH LAWS.

IF the Methodist General Conference decides to remove its strict inhibition against dancing, card-playing and theatre-going it will not precipitate a revolution. It will set the excellent example of removing dead-letter laws from the pathway of rational church discipline.

An upright life and a long face ceased years ago to be inseparable companions. Men and women know that it is possible to be amused and right-witted at the same time. That is one reason why all church regulations against innocent pastimes have become of no effect.

Another point about the proposed action of the Conference is that it is in line with the growing tolerance and liberality of the Church powers. No longer is it considered that the religious influence can best be exerted through arbitrary methods. Reason and human kindness are allowed more and more sway. The consequences cannot but be most beneficial to a race of beings to whom resistance to narrow tyranny in any form is one of the earliest and most natural impulses.

THE LAW AND THE SPITTERS.

THE subject of spitting upon the floors of street cars and other public vehicles is a disagreeable one to dwell upon.

But the successful prosecutions just now of men who are guilty of creating this subject are most agreeable manifestations.

Let the sanitary officials of the borough of Brooklyn relax not a jot nor tittle in the rigor of their crusade against the spitters. And let the officials of Manhattan be aroused to like efforts to remove the anti-spitter ordinance from dead-letter row.

The victims of this reform movement have no defense and are standing in the public eye. They are a band of repulsive nuisances, and the word of every fellow-passenger whom they have offended is against them. Here's to their speedy vanishment!

A FLAT-OWNER'S DREAM.

IT WOULD be much to be attractive about Miss Prudentia Mann's plan for co-operative flat-living, as briefly unfolded in The World. Miss Mann is an owner of apartment-houses. Being a practical investor, she should also be a practical adviser.

Miss Mann's idea is a house with several suits of sitting-rooms, bedrooms, dining-rooms, &c., but only one kitchen, from which tenants will order cooked food, according to their desires, instead of ordering raw supplies from the markets and groceries.

The landlord is to receive rent only for the kitchen; the tenants are to divide the profits from their co-operative commissary, over which a paid housekeeper is to preside.

There seems to be a large chance for household economy in this plan. Is it really a practical way to stretch an income and to relieve those housewives who, under the present system, are slaves to the flat kitchen?

If the office is expected to seek the man, is it quite right for so many eminent Republicans to be dodging the Vice-Presidential fenders?

"Bismarck is a firebrand." And Major McKinley would risk a Philadelphia conflagration to save his own skin from burning.

To change the figure let us remark that this is the way when the hot Scotch fingers a lap or two on the snicker.

Rep. F. Norton Goddard has prospects of demonstrating that the early Boss doesn't necessarily clutch a bribe.

Mr. Woodruff doesn't mind Mr. Hanna's push-button just now.

Beauty Spots.

BEAUTY spots are again the rule for the fashion-able. Nobody can tell you just how or why it is that those little patches—those little circles of black or dark color—just at the corner of the eye, on the nose, on the cheek, or on the chin, are so much admired.

But that is not all. A specialist tells that the marks on the face are the result of the blood vessels being overworked.

LAURA • JEAN • LIBBEY.

Do Young Women Consider Betrothals Sacred?

(Copyright, 1900, by the Press Publishing Company, New York World.)
"Do young women consider betrothals sacred?" The right kind of young girls do. Aye, to them the betrothal is quite as solemn and as binding as the marriage vow.

It is anything rather than clever to boast of having been betrothed three or four times, my dear girl. The young man who listens to you, instead of appreciating you the more for being able to bring other men to your dainty feet and drawing proposals from them, concludes to keep as far from you as possible, no matter how much he may admire you, lest he may be made the fifth victim for you to laugh at and boast over.

He also reaches the conclusion that you are not so very attractive after all, or these young men, who must have had good common sense, would not have been so contented to let you drift past them on life's ocean.

The shallow-hearted coquette counts her conquests by the score, as the Indians count the scalps that dangle from their belts as trophies of their victories.

The dear, sweet, old-fashioned maidens, with hearts gentle, loving and tender, always have believed and always will believe in the sacredness of the betrothal vows they utter.

With her these words are not mere lip service, but come straight from the depths of her heart.

Love-making with her is very earnest. She believes all that her lover tells her as she believes in Heaven, and she means every shy, sweet word she utters in response.

With such girls, to love once is to love forever. Should anything happen to disturb the sweet, golden romance, love never blooms a second time in their faithful hearts.

They are always true to the ideal which they have enshrined in their hearts, there to remain until life closes.

The woman who does not consider betrothals sacred could never be trusted fully as a wife. Be careful in your choice of a lover, my dears, and to that lover be true.

Bring your husband, when you marry, a heart which beats for him alone; not one whose walls are covered by the pictures memory conjures up of past loves.

LAURA JEAN LIBBEY.
Laura Jean Libbey writes for The Evening World by permission of the Family Story Paper.

DON'T WORRY.

WHY shadow the beauty of sea or of land With a doubt or a fear? God holds all the swift-rolling worlds in his hand

And sees what no man can as yet understand. That out of life here, With its smile and its tear,

Comes forth into light, from Eternity planned, The soul of good cheer.

Don't worry—The end shall appear.

—Elizabeth Porter Gould.

Carving Knives.

IF you can't have tender beef, the next best thing is a sharp knife," said the well-known head of a cookery class to a writer the other day. "And a sharp knife and poor beef are much better than the best beef with a dull knife. I know that from years of experience."

"Carvers are much harder to keep in order than ordinary table knives, for the one who carves rarely makes sufficient use of the steel."

"It may be an acid in the beef, or it may be the moisture or the heat, or all three," continued the cook, "but there is something about hot roast beef that takes the edge off a knife and makes it rip where it should cut, and the fact that the knife is not affected that way by mutton or by ham makes me think that the dullness is a result of the action of beef ingredients on the blade."

HAIR-DRESSING THAT BECOMES.



No. 1—Elaborate hair-dressing becoming only to women of regular features.
No. 2—Modification of the Madonna style.
No. 3—For short women with high foreheads.

No. 4—Becoming to one with a long, narrow face.
No. 5—Becoming to an oval-faced woman.
No. 6—Becoming to women with round faces and low foreheads.

ONE of the most absurd ideas we women are possessed of is that we must adopt a new style of coiffure, no matter how unbecoming, because it is the latest thing.

Since the pompadour made its appearance I believe more women have been sacrificed to the Juggernaut of fashion than ever before.

Now, the pompadour is becoming to women with rather low foreheads and round faces. It is, in its unmodified form, wretchedly unbecoming to hollow-cheeked women with high foreheads.

Before settling on the style of hairdressing she is to adopt a woman should take an account of her head, face and figure after this fashion:

A short, fat woman should dress her hair so that it will give an appearance of additional height to her figure.

This is not achieved, as many small, stout women seem to believe, by building up a monstrous construction on the head which gives the idea of top heaviness and emphasizes the fact that the body is too short to support a head in such disproportion to it.

Where the head is round the hairdressing should always be high.

A very round head with the hair gathered in a pug

at the nape of the neck gives a woman an utterly insane, goose-like look.

The height of the forehead, the size of the nose, the shape of the head, the general type expressed, must be carefully considered.

A woman with a Madonna-like face is almost a sacrifice in puffs and frizzes. She is quite out of place, except with her hair in bandeau.

On the contrary, a girl with a pug nose, short upper lip and generally of a pugish make-up, masquerading in a Cleo de Merode coiffure, deceives no one. She is only an imitation of the type she aims at, and a very palpable one at that.

It is well to recollect that the hair "dressed forward," as the coiffeurs express it, makes the features appear to recede. If the features really project, the forward style of hair-dressing modifies this defect and is becoming.

It is a mistake to suppose that a touselled, mussed, unkempt-looking head ever adds to a woman's attractiveness.

Hair that does not give the appearance of care and an acquaintance with brush and comb, as well as an occasional shampoo, is never tempting to thinking men or women.

HARRIET MURKIN AYER.

He Gets the Worst of It Anyhow.
A St. Louis judge has ruled that if a husband is locked out by his wife he may sleep on the door. If necessary, to gain entrance—but he has to pay for the lock.

AN AWKWARD QUESTION.



HELP WANTED.

Mistress—How did you happen to let the fire go out?

New Girl—I'm sure I don't know, ma'am, unless you happened to forget to tell me to put coal on.



Tommy—I can strike a match on my trousers, like Uncle Bob. Can you, Auntie?—Punch.

CARICATURES ON FIGURES IN THE SOUTH AFRICAN WAR.

OOM PAUL KRUGER. CECIL RHODES. LORD ROBERTS ("BOBS"). RUDYARD KIPLING.



HARD TIMES IN AFRICA.



Canthral Chief—What! A stew again? I've told you that I prefer a roast.
Cook—Impossible, your majesty! Since tourists ride through Africa on bicycles it is hard to catch them, and when we do catch one he's all skin and bones!

TAKING NO CHANCES.



Hostess—But, doctor, you're eating nothing! I hope you're not afraid to eat, because it's the first time you've dined at our house?
Guest—Oh, no! But, to tell the truth, it's always my practice when I'm invited anywhere for the first time, to dine at a restaurant beforehand!—Unsere Gesellschaft.

THOSE LOVING GIRLS.

Maudie—I think I ought to tell you, Clara, that I met your fiance in the hall last night and he kissed me. Of course, the hall was not very well lighted—
Clara (interrupting)—Yes, he told me all about it. He said the hall was dark as pitch or he would never have made such a fool of himself.

BLISSFUL IGNORANCE.

Growell (in cheap restaurant)—Here, waiter, are these mutton or pork chops?
Waiter—Can't you tell by the taste?
Growell—No.
Waiter—Then what difference does it make which they are?

SO VERY PRECOCIOUS.



Tutor—You know, of course, that in Christian countries such as ours a man is only allowed one wife. Now, what is that state of things called?
Pupil—I know. Monotony.

FRANK, ANYHOW.



Mamma—I don't like your staying indoors like this, Bobbie. Haven't you any little friend you can go out and play with?
Bobbie—Well, I have one, mamma. But I hate him!—Punch.

THE DAY'S LOVE STORY.

MASO'S COURTSHIP.

MASO stood in the courtyard, his feet planted wide apart on the slippery stones, watching down a carriage. He was also watching the first due between Manon and Des Preux in the first act of Massenet's "Manon."

Manon could whistle like a nightingale, and this very August day he was trilling and vibrating most beautifully as he passed the splashy sponge over the rusty wheels of the old brougham. Across the way, high up in the window of the terzo piano, she was sitting.

He could just see her profile between the flowered geraniums behind which she sat, and sometimes her needle flashed in the sun.

"There she sits, Enor Anastasia's Emma, like a Virgin in the Uffizi," said Maso suddenly to old Simone, the coachman, who stood scratching his head with the straw out of his clear in the stable door.

"The Blessed Virgin wasn't a corset-maker," answered the old man, who had two superfluous daughters of his own.

Maso laughed. "There are little stiff curls on the back of her neck to tempt San Antonio," he went on.

"San Antonio Carnesecci, you mean. Come, Maso, a baked fowl is better than a flying duck. Luisa is ugly, I admit. She's the image of her saint."

Maso laughed. "There are little stiff curls on the back of her neck to tempt San Antonio," he went on.

"San Antonio Carnesecci, you mean. Come, Maso, a baked fowl is better than a flying duck. Luisa is ugly, I admit. She's the image of her saint."

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